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BY

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Dedication

.....

My Mother

You went away and left me,
And the sky turned gray,
My life seemed dull and drab,
Hope fled and joy was no more with me
When you went far away.

Oft, thro' the velvet dark of night,
Or thro' the sunlit day
My heart cries out for you,
You lay your hand on mine and I can smile,
Tho' you are far away.

Some day, some radiant future day,
We'll walk thro' all Eternity,
Your tiny lovely hand in mine
And then, and not till then can I forget
That you're away.

A PROTEST

Oh, do not write it Xmas,
Dear friends of you I pray—
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on CHRISTMAS DAY.

X—equal quantity unknown
When problem we would prove
And shall it be used to represent
The name of the God of love?

Are we like those men of Athens
With superstition filled,
Who built altars to a God Unknown
And by Paul's words were thrilled?

If aught is said against a king
In countries 'cross the sea,
The miscreant is guilty found—
Of lese majesty.

Yet in our own fair country
Where dwell the true and brave
This disrespect is shown our King
Who gave his life to save.
Then let us all make merry
With hearty CHRISTMAS cheer
And not forget the Gift of God
From Bethlehem of Judea.

So, do not write it Xmas,
This boon, dear friends, I pray,
For Jesus Christ our Savior
Was born on CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE SOUTH

.....

1857—Fair Princess

The South is a maiden fair to see,
Her bright hair wreathed in flowers.
Her fairy sylvan bowers
O'er which no cloud e'er lowers
Are rife with minstrelsy .

Magnolias' fragrance fills the air,
While song of mocking bird
Is in liquid sweetness heard,
And all exclaim with one accord
"Was ever land so fair?"

Her life is like a radiant dream:
Her pillared mansions rise
Toward her blue, blue skies
While in her merry, merry eyes
The love of life's agleam.

Oh, the South is a joyful maid;
Knights of chivalry bow the knee
When her fair face they see—
And each one prays to be
The first her heart to raid.

1865—Mater Dolorosa

The South is a sorrowing mother:
Her merry laughter's stilled ,
Her heart with anguish filled
For the precious blood now spilled
Oh, is there none to soothe her?

She, like Rachel, for her children weeps:
 Her sons come not again,
 For on the battle plain
 Those noble ones lie slain
 While she sad vigil keeps.

Crushed and broken, bruised and torn,
 Prone in the dust she lies,
 And in desolation cries;
 Can she ever, ever rise
 From such estate forlorn?

Her stately homes in ruins lie,
 And that old regal life
 With ease and culture rife,
 And absence of all strife
 Has passed forever by.

Oh, well may she weep and lament:
 The Southland once so grand
 Now a desolated land
 Forsaken and alone must stand
 With head in sorrow bent.

Behold! now crushed she prostrate lies
 Go lift slowly her still form,
 She could not brook the storm
 Which raged and roared so long—
 Our South—our Southland DIES.

1921—TRIUMPHANT QUEEN

Who said the South was dead?
 Is she of weakling blood
 Who at the first dark cloud
 Or raging stormy flood
 Would lower her proud head?

NO, for the blood of heroes brave
 Led by STONEWALL, GORDON, LEE,
 Who stemmed the awful sea
 Fast engulfing you and me,
 Flows in Southern veins today.

The South, on golden wing
 With eagle on mountain peak
 Her eaglets food now seeks
 And from her hopes dead ashes keeps
 Rising to higher things.

Like thrush pierced by sharp thorn—
 She sings her sweetest song
 Her ruined homes among.
 The night was dark and long—
 Now, behold, behold the dawn!

MY VALENTINE

(Mrs. Alice Bell, of Maine)

I know you love the arbutus,
 But I have a magnolia for you—
 The message of each waxy white petal,
 "I love you, I love you too."

Does the robin sing 'neath your window
 Awaken! my valentine?
 Hark! now the mockbird is trilling,
 "Be mine, be mine, be mine!"

The cold white snow on your hill side,
 Is ever your joy and pride,
 But the warm fleecy snow of our cotton fields
 Cries to you—"Abide! Abide!"

One more gift I bring you—
 The bloom of the orange tree.
 Will you accept the magnolia, the mockbird,
 The orange blossom and me?

If you will, we shall wander together
 Hand in hand 'neath the starry sky,
 As we whisper the old, old story,
 "And let the rest of the world go by."

TO MAY

Are the mists and snows
Of the wintry day,
Too cold for the Rose
That was born in May?
Will her beauty depart
And her radiance pale
When pierced by dart
Of the cruel gale?

Nay, fair flower
You need have no fear,
For the evil power
Of the winter drear
Was braved by the
Sharon Rose so fair
Which bloomed in a
Barren manger there
In an eastern land
'Neath starry skies
Sought by a band of
Three men wise.

Now everywhere
The Sharon Rose
Upon the air its
Fragrance throws.
So Blossom near
To this Wonder Rose
And do not fear
Cold winter snows
But grow more fair
From day to day
As you blossom there
My Rose of May.

And the world will lay
It's love at your feet,
My Rose in bloom
So passing sweet.

LOUISE REEVES

“Louise passed away today, conscious and
unafraid.”

Conscious of His love was she
And unafraid of gloom,
Knowing He whom her soul believed
Had passed beyond the tomb.

She looked unto the hills for help
Across the Valley's shade;
Serenely, then she entered in
Conscious and unafraid.

Her eyes beheld the Master's face
And then He smiled,
Reached forth His hand to clasp her own
And said, “My child.”

The shadows fled before that look—
From valley, hill and glade:
Victorious over death she rose
Conscious and unafraid.

VIOLA

I will not say goodbye, Dear Heart
But “Till we meet again”
In fairer land in brighter clime,
Upon a higher plane.
I will not say good-night, Beloved
For night is dark and drear,
And when we meet, as we will meet
All things will be made clear.
Then, au revoir, dear friend of mine,
I await the dawning
Of a blessed day when you'll
Bid me, “Good morning.”

LOIS THOMPSON

A flower in a garden grew
 For one short year;
 Sweet it was and bright of hue
 And passing dear.

The Master Gardener walking there
 As shadows fell;
 Beheld the little blossom fair
 And said, "Tis well,

This flow'ret shall transplanted be
 To gardens rare,
 I'll take it straightway Home with me
 For tenderer care."

The little flower will bloom and glow
 And wax more fair;
 But the garden where the flower first grew,
 How desolate there!

BACK DAR IN GAWGY

Back dar in Gawgy whar I wuz bawn,
 Mongst de red hills an' de yaller cawn;
 De birds sings sweetes'
 An' de flowers bloom neates'
 De folks am kines'
 An' de watermillions fines'
 Back dar in Gawgy, whar I wuz bawn.

Back dar in Gawgy, whar I wuz bawn.
 Early on a Jinerwary mawn
 De skies am blues'
 An' hearts beat trues'
 De pine grows highes'
 An' de Lawd seem nighes'
 Back dar in Gawgy, whar I wuz bawn.

DE MAWKIN' BIRD

Ef yer wants ter heah some music,
De sweetes' uver heard:
Den come down Souf in Arkansaw,
An' lis'en ter de mawkin' bird.

W'en he wakes yer in de mawnin'
Yer t'ink it er angel song:
An' dat Peter done open de pe'rly gates,
An' tellin' yer ter come erlong

An' we'en yer tired at ebenin',
An' lays yer down ter sleep:
De mawkbird's singin' sof'ly,
"De Lawd yer soul'l keep.

He sing down in de cotton patch,
'Mong de cotton blossoms:
He singin' 'bout dat fishin' line,
An' 'bout dem coons an' possoms.

He sing dere in de co'nfiel',
'Mong de years ob corn:
Hit's des de sweetes' music,
Yer heahd sence yer been bawn

He gits up on de house top,
An look up ter de sky:
An' sing erbout de fie'y cha'ut,
Dat's comin' bimeby.

He tells yer 'bout de manshuns,
Dat's in de hebenly lan':
An' all erbout de streets ob gol'
An' 'bout de angel ban.'

So ef yer wan'some music,
Fer yo' Gran' Operaw:
Des come heah dat mawkin' bird,
Down Souf in Arkansaw.

FORE MOTHERS

The Mayflower landed on our shores.
Three hundred years ago,
And to the Pilgrim Fathers
Thanksgiving Day we owe.

But why to Pilgrim Fathers
Is given all the praise?
Were there no Pilgrim Mothers
In those old historic days?

Oh yes, there were fore mothers,
But they did not make the laws—
They were busy working
In a much more strenuous cause.

For while the Pilgrim Fathers
Were hastening to the polls,
The industrious Pilgrim Mothers
Were making hop yeast rolls.

And as the Pilgrim Fathers
Were wielding saw and ax,
The busy Pilgrim Mothers
Were spinning hemp and flax.

Behold! these selfsame fathers
Digging wells and ditches,
Then see, at home, the mothers
Making fathers' breeches.

And as our honored fathers
In council looked so wise,
Our good and thrifty mothers
Were baking pumpkin pies.

When the stealthy Indian called
'Stead of filling him with shot,
She filled him up with turkey
Nicely browned and piping hot.

So you see she used diplomacy
Where 'er she played a part,
Knowing the slogan—ever the same—
“Through the pantry to man’s heart.”

Then, while to Pilgrim Fathers,
Their meed of praise we give,
A tiger and three for the Mothers
Long may their memory live.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

This is the land of the brave and free,
Yet we bow to royalty,
To a queen of wondrous charm,
And—a Red Cross on her arm.

In the wake of shot and shell,
To the very mouth of Hell,
Ling’ring near the fallen brave,
Snatching them from out the grave—
Steadfast mid wild war’s alarm;
She—with the Red Cross on her arm

Hers to bind where others break,
Herself she gives for other’s sake,
From gaping wound she does not shrink
Nor yet from standing on Hell’s brink
Her cheer, e’en death cannot disarm—
She—with the Red Cross on her arm.

“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people!” saith the
Lord.

And then SHE comes
Following swift the vandal horde,
Through the fire of shell and bomb,
Serene and unafraid and calm,
She—with the Red Cross on her arm.

RUDYARD KIPLING

A La Fuzzy Wuzzy

We've studied many books from 'crost the seas,
 An' some of 'em was good an' some was not,
 Goethe, Dante, Browning, all did please,
 But the Kipling was the finest of the lot:
 We never got the "Weary Wills of 'im
 'E jumped from out the "Barracks an'
 'knocked us senseless;
 'E rapped our brains with that ere "Kim",
 An' with 'is "Soldiers Three' 'e tuk our trenches.

So 'ere's TO you, Rudyard Kipling an' more
 stories from your han'
 You're a darned ol' Johnny Bullock, but a first
 class writin' man;
 We gives you our hendorsement an' if you do not
 mind,
 We'd like to read more books of yours whenever
 you're inclined.

We tuk our chanst among the Ibsen ills,
 The Strindberg knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Bjornsen gave us Scandinavian chills
 An' the poet Tagore dished us up in style;
 But all we got from such as they,
 Was pop to what the Kipling made us swaller
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But brain for brain the Kipling knocked us 'oller.
 Then 'ere's TO you, Rudyard Kipling an' your light
 that never failed;
 Our orders was to read you, an' right into you
 we sailed.
 We turned loose on you our critics, w'ich was
 'ardly fair to you,
 But spite of such close quarters, Ruddy Kip,
 your steel rung true.

'E 'as plenty papers of 'is own,
'E 'as all kinds of medals an' rewards,
So we 'ereby certify the skill 'e's shown
In provin' pens is mightier than swords;
When 'e's oppin' in an' out of "Phantom
Rickshows,"
An' beatin' on the drums of "Fore an' Aft,"
A 'appy day with Kip 'neath the "Deodars,"
Will almost drive a 'ealthy reader daft.

So 'ere's TO you, Rudyard Kipling an' your frien's
a many score,
The time we spent arcadin' you we never will
deplore.
But write an' read's the gospel an' we'll call the
bargain fair
For if you'll write as much as we can read,
You've crumpled up the square.

'E rushes at the ink, then 'e lets drive,
An' before we know 'e's 'ackin' at our 'carts,
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' when 'e's dead 'e only acts a part.
'E's a writer 'e's a fighter 'e's a rip,
'E's the only Kipling on the job
'E's the only one who doesn't care a flip,
For all the critics in the mob.

So 'ere's TO you Rudyard Kipling at your 'ome in
other lan's
You're a traveler, a palaverer, an' a first class
writin' man;
An' 'ere's TO you, Rudyard Kipling, all the kind-
ness of the fates
For at the point of your wizard pen—you tuk
th' UNITED STATES.

WHO KNOWS?

“The tossing waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast.”

The luscious grapes hung high
Upon the New World coast,
And the trees against a starry sky
Their bright green branches tost.

The soft dews lightly touched
The verdant landscape o'er,
When a band of wand'ers reached
The fair New England shore.

There were men with whit'ning hair
Amidst that daring band:
Why had they come to linger far
From their Norwegian land?

They sought for gold from out the mine
And for jewels rich and rare,
They came to seek the red, red wine
And breathe the fragrant air.

For on their own cold Arctic shore,
No vegetation grew.
They left the land of ancient lore
And came to seek the new.

And some of them from justice fled
And sought a haven here,
Each with a price upon his head
To this fair land drew near.

Here for a time they made their home
To them a sunny clime
Who came from haunt of elf and gnome—
From frost and snow and rime.

Shakespeare his own plays did not write,
To Bacon? belongs the fame,
So why put up a gallant fight?
There's nothing in a name.

Not Columbia the gem of the ocean—
Norwegia let her be called,
Where did we e'er get such a notion?
This is the land of the Skald.

Lucky Lief called this Wineland—
Oh, weep for Genoa's loss;
For our American vineland
Was discovered by the NORSE.

THE DAY BREAKS

The long, long night is gone
From over land and sea—
The night of cold and gloom
When His face we could not see.

The Prince of darkness ruled
And shrieked in fiendish glee,
At the blackness of the pall
That shadowed you and me.

Far in the eastern sky
The Day Star shed its light.
The Imps of darkness trembled then
And fled in great affright.

The Black Prince seemed to feel
That he, too, must beware—
He, trembling, also, turned about
And hastened to his lair.

For swift behind the Star
Such light and joy He brings—
The Sun of Righteousness appears
With healing in His wings.

"23" FOR MAN

Man is said to have twenty-four ribs,
But that must be a mistake—
Since one was taken away from his NIBS
His helpmate to create.

So it's "23" for you, oh man,
Now do not tell a fib
For he can also read who ran—
You lost that other rib.

While slumbering and sleeping there
'Twas taken from your side
And made into a woman fair
To be your joy and pride.

But you must search for what you lost
And true reward must offer,
Go forth as Knight who counts the cost
And has true love to proffer.

List not to bards who prate to thee
Of affinity and soulmate
Your ribs are still but "23"—
Go, get the twenty-fourth, mate.

And when you find your other rib
Wandering round without you,
Put up a petition glib
Lest that rib should doubt you.

There may be more fish in the sea
More birds upon the wing—
But while your ribs are "23"
That other rib's the thing.

Take her like the Knights of old
Nor from dangers flee,
If she should seem a trifle cold
Remember "23."

Then your reunited ribs
Will number twenty-four—
But remember this , your NIBS
The one is worth a score.

And thus the stigma "23"
Is taken from your number
And you've regained the rib, you see
Which was lost in slumber.

LULLABY

Hush thee, little Mocking Bird,
Lie thou still and slumber—
The dream man is bringing thee
Sweet dreams without number.

Straight adown the milky way
Coming from the moon,
Riding on the Dog Star,
He will be here soon.

Dreams of fair sky children
In the land of mist,
Smiled upon by planets
And by moonbeams kissed.

Their kites are made of comets,
They play with the Great Bear,
And step about from star to star
As on a silver stair.

They drink dewdrops from the Dipper—
Their swing is the rainbow,
They ride in cloudy carriages
Drawn by Taurus and Leo.

Go with them, little Mocking Bird,
In the sky to play,
But come back to Mother, dear,
At the dawn of day.

THE LAY OF THE CAVE MAN

What! call this the strenuous age
This of the twentieth century?
These are the days of ease,
Of freedom from care; of luxury.

We ride in our fast limousines,
In steamships and airships go sailing;
What do we know of hard times—
Why at the Trusts are we railing?

Lo and behold the cave man!
He of the primeval ages.
Of his wonderful feats
One might write pages and pages.

But for him no written word
Of warrior's brave deeds to fire him;
No fife, no drum, no glittering sword,
No minstrels' lay to inspire him.

He was the pioneer hero;
With terrors unknown he struggled.
In the wild forest, alone,
With the Iethyosaurus he juggled.

Mastodon, Dinosaur, Pterodaetyl
There in his pathway to rave,
All were stampeded at once
By this redoubtable man of the cave.

E'en in affairs of the heart,
He, forsooth, must use force;
Then, if he made a mistake,
Could not resort to divorce.

Seeing a maiden whose fair face
His rough heart had moved,
He did not fall on his knees,
With "The only girl I ever loved."

No, he knew naught of such wiles—
On his club he took a firm grasp—
WHACK! he came down on her head
And she fell at his feet with a gasp.

She, having recovered her poise,
Said, "Since you have bruised up my head, dear,
From now till the end of our days
You must provide me with headgear."
(To say nothing of other gear.)

Oh, the poor, poor cave man!
Ask him about the cost of living,
And if he could answer today
Many pointers to us he'd be giving.

The first with world problems to grapple
All honor to this hero brave,
Who hewed out a path as he went
This redoubtable man of the cave.

THE POET

Mother, I read in my lesson today
The song of the poet, sweet as the May;
Mother, what is a poet?

A poet, my dear, is a child of dreams,
Born of purling brooks and silvery streams;
A touch of fire from the sun's bright ray,
A dash of foam from the salt sea spray,
An icy blast from Arctic snows,
A drop of dew from the heart of a rose,
An eye for the grace of the waterfall,
An ear attuned to the mock-bird's call
A breath of hazy November air,
A bit of the pathos of Spring so fair,
Scorn and anger for those who oppress,
Pity and love toward all in distress,

Tears for all mankind who weep,
Smiles for a little child asleep.

Sea and sky and earth and air,
All commingled together there,
Love and hate and scorn and tears—
Faith, triumphant over fears,
This, my child, is a poet.

MAMMY'S CHILE

Lay his li'l haid down ter res.'
Mammy's chile, Mammy's chile—
On his ol' black Mammy's breas'
Mammy's honey chile.

Now meh li'l lam', go ter sleep,
Mammy's chile, Mammy's chile—
Pray de Lawd his soul ter keep,
Mammy's preshus chile.

Ef he die befo' he wake,
Mammy's chile, Mammy's chile—
Pray de Lawd his soul ter take,
Mammy's darlin' chile.

Honey close dem pu'ty eyes,
Mammy's chile, Mammy's chile—
Kase dem angels in de skies,
Watchin' Mammy's chile.

Bressed Jesus on de throne,
Take keer Mammy's chile—
Nuvver leab dis lam' erlone,
Mammy's preshus chile.

Mammy's chi-i-i-i-ile
Mammy's chile, Mammy's chile—
Mammy's chi-i-i-i-le,
Mammy's honey chile.



THE AMERICAN LEGION

Stygian darkness from pole to pole,
Horrors that stir the depths of man's soul;
The war god waves his black mailed hand,
And a pall settles slowly o'er the fairest land;
Night has come.

From a thousand campfires gleaming bright
There flashes swift the signal light;
One by one bright sparks galore,
Until there stretches from shore to shore
A pillar of fire.

Now ARMAGEDDON is put to rout,
And through the gloom the stars shine out;
Then rosy blushes of the morn
Herald a newer, brighter dawn,
And Day returns.

From ocean to ocean, from Gulf to Lakes,
A misty cloud its slow way takes.
It leads the hosts so swift and sure
From many ills to certain cure:
A pillar of cloud.

A pillar of fire in darkest night,
A pillar of cloud when day shines bright,
A bulwark of strength in times of stress,
A protection to all in vile duress:
THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

HARD TIMES

Times is er gittin' hard,
Ise gwine buy me er bucket er lard.

Bucket er lard it cos'er dollar,
An' dat's whut makes dis nigger holler.

How kin I git me er piece er meat?
Don' see how meh folks gwine eat.

Fust dar's me an' Lizy Mary,
Den dem twinses, Jim an' Sary,

Bill an' Jake an' Emmerline,
Spence an' Schoon an' Clementine.

Dey ebery one mus' hab er bite,
An' de Bosses' chickens roos' high at night.

But I gotter git one ef dey is so high,
Dey ain't so high es de meat yer hatter buy.

Don' guess I'll git in jail, but den I mout,
Well, ef I does, de Boss'l git me out.

An', so es times is er gittin' so hard,
I'll des git er pig ter mek me some lard.

Whut's dat? Cos' dis nigger won't steal,
I des wants er nough fer one square meal.

(White folks is so 'spicious.)

HA'NTS

De bigges' ha'nt I uvver see,
Uz in dat o' mulbe'y tree—
Jerus'lum gee-mun-ee-e-e-e
De bigges' ha'nt I uvver see.

Mammy, she say dey ain't no ha'nts,
But w'en I goes out on one er my j'ants,
Sump'n in dat tree des rips en rants—
But Mammy, she say dey ain' no ha'nts.

One time w'en Ise gwine erlong
By de fence dar, singin' er song,
Sump'n flew up en' hit me PONG—
En Ise jus' gwine erlong.

Den I run fas'er en fas'er
En we'en I gits home at las'
Mammy say 'tain' nothin' but her ol' bas'
Dat she hung out dere las'.

Night ter git it good en dry
Den I try en try
Ter think 'tain' er ha'nt en bimeby
I goes back ergin.

En dat thing got up en 'gun ter dance
En hop erroun' en skip en prance
En try ter ketch arhol' er my pants—
Don' tell me dey ain't no ha'nts.

(I'se seed 'em.)





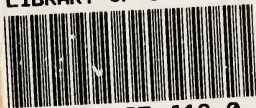
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